

# THE ARTGUM



MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL  
ART SCHOOL

MARCH 1923

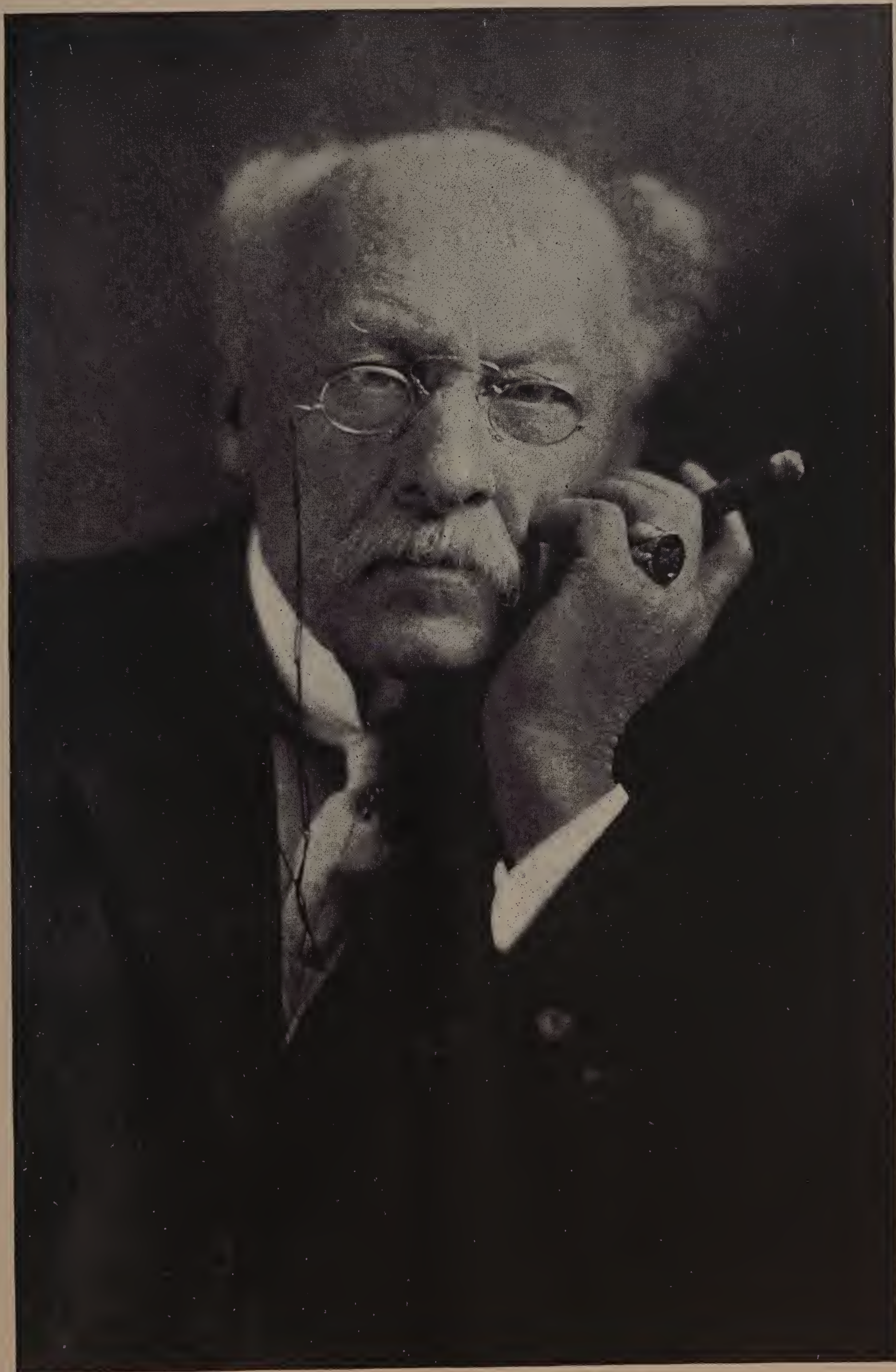
W. G. B. - 1111



George Hartnell Bartlett

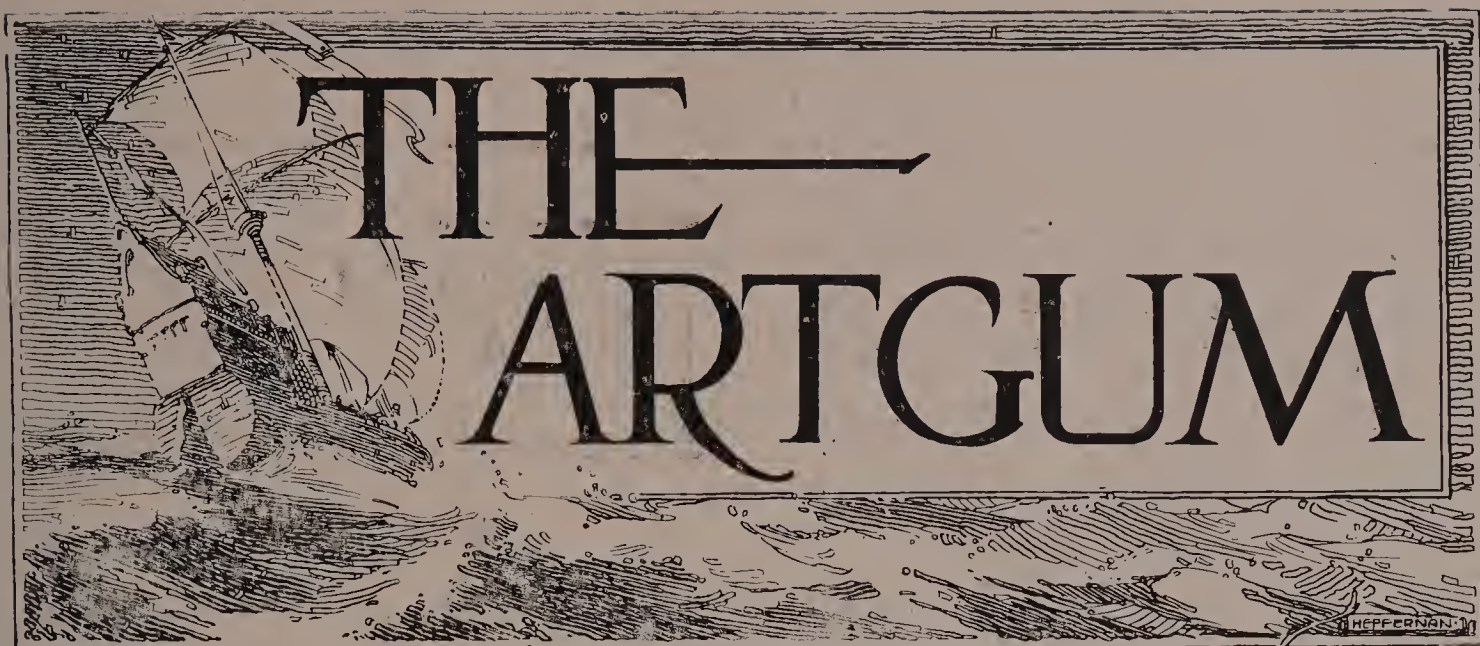
**"I have fought a good fight,  
I have finished my course,  
I have kept the faith:"**











VOL.

BOSTON MASS. MARCH 1923

NO. 4

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## LOOKING BACK

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Whistler said that there had never been an artistic people; I might say that there had never been an artistic atmosphere, but I should like to explain in a few words what I mean. Of what does an artistic atmosphere consist? I think I can give you an impression now of a time that is so far back and of which the edges are so dim that the large, salient characteristics only loom up and show those things that are really important and worth while.

We were really very serious in those days. That might strike one who had seen us as rather droll, but we were. The work we had undertaken was a very serious study, and although our outward air might have seemed frivolous, there was to us only one thing, and that was our chosen work. When we got to that then we knew that all that was of any good in us had to be used, and only with the best application and diligent study could we accomplish anything. Also, what

we were trying to accomplish was art, and as the arts were raised so far above the other pursuits of life, we knew that, in order to achieve anything, the best, and only the best, would do. In order to reach this goal, a good technical education was the only firm foundation.

Here, I think, is the rule. In youth one can only acquire the technique of any art—and then only. This condition is one to be encouraged. During youth the student attitude, without any disturbing side issues, cannot be insisted upon too much. Art for Art's sake only,—and by that I mean all the arts as each one helps the other,—and no one art is complete without the aid and assistance of the others. Only in this way can we have artists, which is only another way of saying good teachers, designers, and artisans.

All of this underlaid our consciousness back in that dim haze. We might argue most strenuously whether one should use the

*continued on page 2*

Published monthly by students of the  
Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Printed through the courtesy of the  
U. S. Veteran's Bureau Linotype School  
Boston, Mass.

Yearly Subscription . . . 60 cents  
Single Subscription . . . 15 cents

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### Looking Back

stump or charcoal point in drawing from life, but we all knew that that the one thing to attain was the character—the truth. And we were also conscious that that was accomplished only by unwavering and patient devotion. Don't think that we were super-human. Oh, no! When we recreated we did so as strenuously as when we labored. It seems now very beautiful, as it was so normal. All of us were in love with one thing, and we knew it, and if there were times when some needed help, it was given with a full, free, generous heart for the sake of the cause. Friendships were formed whose influences show in many a work, and ideals entertained whose subtleties have been translated by brush and chisel.

Is not this the real, the true art atmosphere? One might say that the qualities which compose the opalescent haze are only generated by the great love and unselfish devotion to a high ideal.

—Ernest L. Major.

# Editorial



## Kind Words

Kind words are the music of the world.

Kind words produce happiness. How often have we ourselves been made happy by them, in a manner and to an extent which we are quite unable to explain? No analysis enables us to detect the secret of the power of kind words; even self-love is found inadequate as a cause.

Kind words cost us nothing, yet how often do we grudge them? On the few occasions when they do imply some degree of self-sacrifice, they almost instantly repay us a hundredfold. The opportunities are frequent, but we show no eagerness either in looking for them, or in embracing them. What inference are we to draw from this? Surely this: That it is next to impossible to be habitually kind, except by the help of divine grace and upon supernatural motives. Take life all through, its adversity as well as its prosperity, its sickness as well as its health, its loss of its rights as well as its enjoyment of them, and we shall find that no natural sweetness of temper, much less any acquired philosophical equanimity, is equal to the support of a uniform habit of kindness. Nevertheless, the habit of saying kind words is very quickly formed, and when once formed it is not speedily lost.





Mary Crowley: — Won't you teach us some of your new steps?

\* \* \*

"The Family" — "Father" — Agatha — "Mother" — Mary — and the two children that NEVER ? ? ? quarrel — Francis and Molly.

\* \* \*

Roses are blooming around Dunham town.

\* \* \*

Our friend Greta Clark, always smiling and happy as a lark.

\* \* \*

Did you know we had Ivy running all over our building?

\* \* \*

Rundquist is the variety.

### 1923

Frances E. Thompson, of the Teachers' Training Division, has a permanent position as teacher of Drawing in the Tennessee State Normal School. Miss Thompson taught there during the last summer vacation.

Alvine Krone is working on a commission, designing awnings for an interior decorator.

Richard Bailey has designed the frontispiece on the Boston University Year Book.

The whole Senior Class have been working on their theses, and have them well under way, we hope.

The engagement of Edith Bentill to George Bailey, of Mansfield, has been announced.

Helen Nash, of the Class of 1921, and a post graduate last year is teaching in Stonington, Connecticut. The following extracts have been taken from one of her letters: "I have four towns, Stonington, part of Westerly, Mystic and Old Mystic, eight grades and high school. Apparently everything has been going smoothly and happily for all. The children are extremely interested and count the days that I come again. Many of them are Portugese children, a little large for their grade, but more eager to learn than the average American child. Their hands are strong and steady. The little ones call me the 'picture lady'. The teachers are especially anxious to carry out my outlines and extremely grateful for the illustrations. I've heard many times 'we've never had anything like this before'. But of course, it is not a simple task to make all the illustrations for most fifty grades. Much attention is given to drawing here, we are allowed ninety minutes a week, and I see the same grade every two weeks."

The superintendent praised Miss Nash's splendid work at a teacher's meeting.

### ALUMNI

Bertha Dion, of the Class of 1921, has taken charge of the classes in modeling at the Leslie School, Cambridge.

Miss Dion is also teaching at the Northern Junior High School, Somerville, and conducts the modeling clubs at the Dennison House.



### 1926

On Monday, March 12, the Freshman Class held its regular monthly meeting. Fifty members appeared, but a larger attendance would be appreciated. Plans for the April dance are well under way, and tickets are now on sale at one dollar and seventy-five per couple. Friday, April 6, is the date, folks, and as the "Freshies" have supported you, so you also should support them.

Two committees were appointed: One to draw up a constitution for the Class of 1926, the other to make plans for a field day or picnic to take place the last of May or the first of June.

Although the freshmen are not going to have oils this year with Mr. Major, they look forward to a most interesting time during the next ten weeks carrying out the course Mr. Farnum has outlined. The object of this course is to enable him to tell us, after looking over our work, what course in the school we are best fitted to follow.

### 1925

The engagement of Miss Ruth A. Ricketts, of Situate, to Mr. Frederick Beals, Jr., of Everett, has just been announced. Ruth is perhaps better known to other classmen as "Butter", of the company of "Bread and Butter".

We note the following in a

clipping from one of the local newspapers:—

"Daniel J. McCarthy, . . . has received a special citation from the War Department for gallantry in action. He carried an important message across a shell torn country under fire."

Leon Fowler has class stationery for sale. It is marked with M. N. A. S. '25.

A Sketch Club has been formed in this class. The first meeting, due to the snow storm, was postponed indefinitely.

### 1924

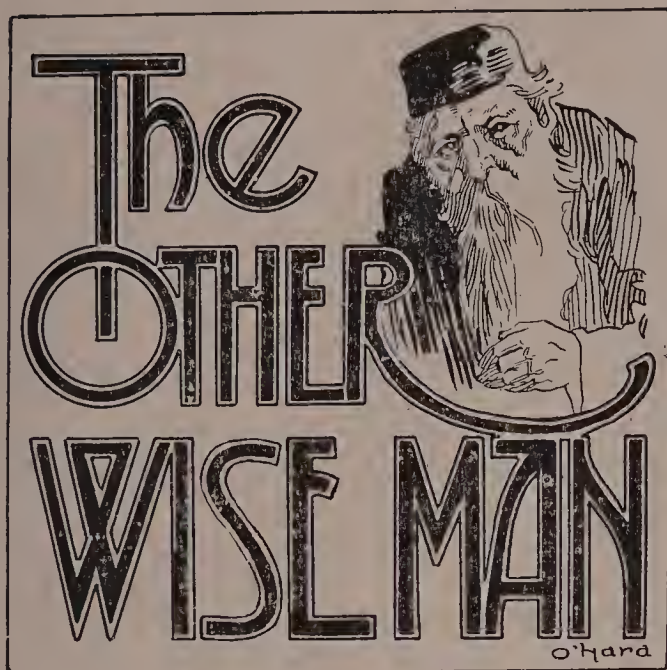
The Junior dance is the fourth class dance to be held this year. You must not miss it because you know it is human nature to save the best things until the last, so this event is going to be the proverbial frosting to the cake. The date, of course, is May 18th.

It is good to think that the second quarter exams have gone, and that the week of rest which followed was, of course, used to its fullest extent. It seems a shame that such folks as Dora Haywood could not have pos- their illness to that "restful week".

Then the snow storm goes to prove that nature simply dotes on snow scenes for artistic inspiration. Anyway this winter has afforded ample material to study so that during this summer we can more easily make Christmas and Winter Carnival posters.

We have another lifer to add to our list, therefore the Junior Class takes this opportunity to welcome Charles Davis as a special student to this school.





He would hate to be called upon to state which was the better, the Sophomore or the Senior dance.

He wonders what the Class of '26 is up to now.

He hears that the Glee Club has turned to the Orient for new inspiration.

He heard the other day some one singing "Oh where, oh where has Peggy's hair gone?"

He has found out that a good time depends entirely on what you call enjoying yourself.

He thinks that for an old fellow "Old Tut" is creating a lot of excitement.

He would like to know who was the lady that embraced Mr. George and Mr. Major so fervently on March first.

He has decided that anyone that has read the column thus far will read the rest.

He wants to hear all about April 6th, and will.

He has just about reached the conclusion that the fellow who asks "What time does the 8.20 train leave?" isn't as dumb as he used to be.

He asks "Who says making batiks isn't fun?"

### Nature Leading Art

The true artist does not find all beauty in the human face or form. He looks upon the sunset, painting all the clouds with rosy hue, and his highest wish is to create another scene like this. He never dreams that he could paint a sunset fairer than the one which lights the fading world. A fairer sunset would be nothing else. He sees beauty in the quiet lake, the grassy field, and running brook; he sees majesty in the cataract and mountain peak. He knows that he can paint no streams and mountain peaks more perfect than the ones that nature made.

—Clarence S. Darrow.

### The Spirit of the Hills

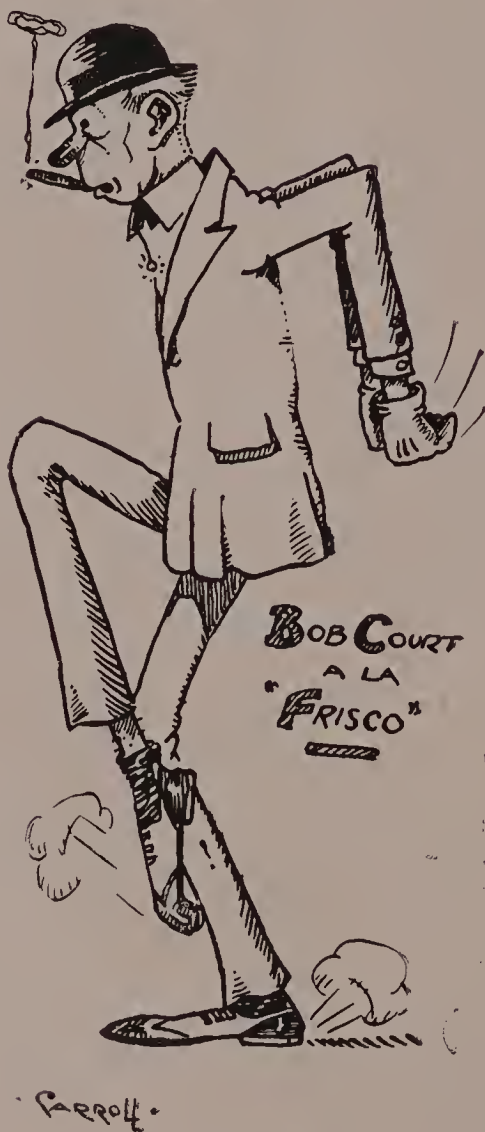
When the Day is ended,  
And the night has closed around us,  
Then we think of Things beyond this earth,  
Of Things we cannot understand, but  
As we journey down from the Hillside,  
With our hearts and souls filled with peace  
We cannot speak; 'lest we lose that blessed vision,  
Of a tired world at peace;  
Then as the shadows deepen, in the valley below, to darkness,  
We feel that we are not alone, but with  
a Friend who can guide us,  
A Friend, who has shown us, from the hilltop,  
The mighty world below us,  
And made us feel our smallness,  
In The Mighty works of God.

Frank S. Johnson.





### Normal Art Finds Cheer in Merry Dance



The Girls' Athletic Association of the M. N. A. S. were fortunate in having the talented brother of Lee entertain them at their dance Wednesday, March 21st.

Mr. Court holds the New England championship for eccentric acrobatic dancing and is well-known on the professional stage as, "Bob" Court.

### The Senior Costume Dance

The Senior Costume Party was considered a success by all who attended. A festive atmosphere was created by the many colored lights, gay streamers and brilliant decorations, which were designed and executed by members of the design class under the direction of Mr. Krone.

Miss Damrell, Miss Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Mr. and Mrs. George, and Mr. Brewster patronized the party. The Seniors were disappointed when they thought Mrs. Whittet would be unable to be with them, and agreeably surprised when she found she could come for a while. As might be expected, Mr. Major, as the Beggar of Bagdad, added to the final touch. He, with Miss Flint's and Mr. Ray's assistance, awarded the following prizes:—

Most artistic girls' costume

Marion Clark

Most artistic boys' costume

Mr. Bradley

Most original girls' costume

Beatrice Bowery

Most original boys' costume

Frank Applebee

Most unique costume

Lee Court

Funniest girls' costume

Helen Davies

Funniest boys' costume

Fred Russel

Prizes for the elimination dance were won by Marion Hunter and her partner.



## ARTISTS

Here's a Chance for Us to Stick  
Our Thumbs in the Arm-  
holes of Our Vests.

To the complaint that Boston and Philadelphia painters take all the prizes away from the New York painters, a correspondent of a New York evening paper retorts that the explanation is easy; the Boston and Philadelphia painters "do the best work." The atmosphere in New York is too commercial; the painters paint their pictures to sell—"mediocre pot-boilers" to catch the eye of the Western millionaire. The fashionable portrait painter is "three-fourths business man and one-fourth artist." Then the writer, proceeding from the specific to the general, lays down to rule that bread and art are naturally and eternally hostile:—

"Given two men of equal opportunity for study and work. At the age of forty one man is able to sell every picture he paints before it is finished—the other man never sells anything. Nine times out of ten the second man will be the better painter, and he will probably live either in Boston or Philadelphia. The man who begins early to sell his pictures under the fostering care of the astute art dealer withers

on the stem. The man who never sells anything, if he is the 'real thing,' has a long, lonesome chance to learn the workings of his trade. A few years after he is dead people begin to buy his pictures."

There are too many examples of this sad state of affairs. But on the other hand, there are successful artists who make good incomes, and yet keep on painting better and better. Perhaps these are the exceptions which prove the rule.

\* \* \*

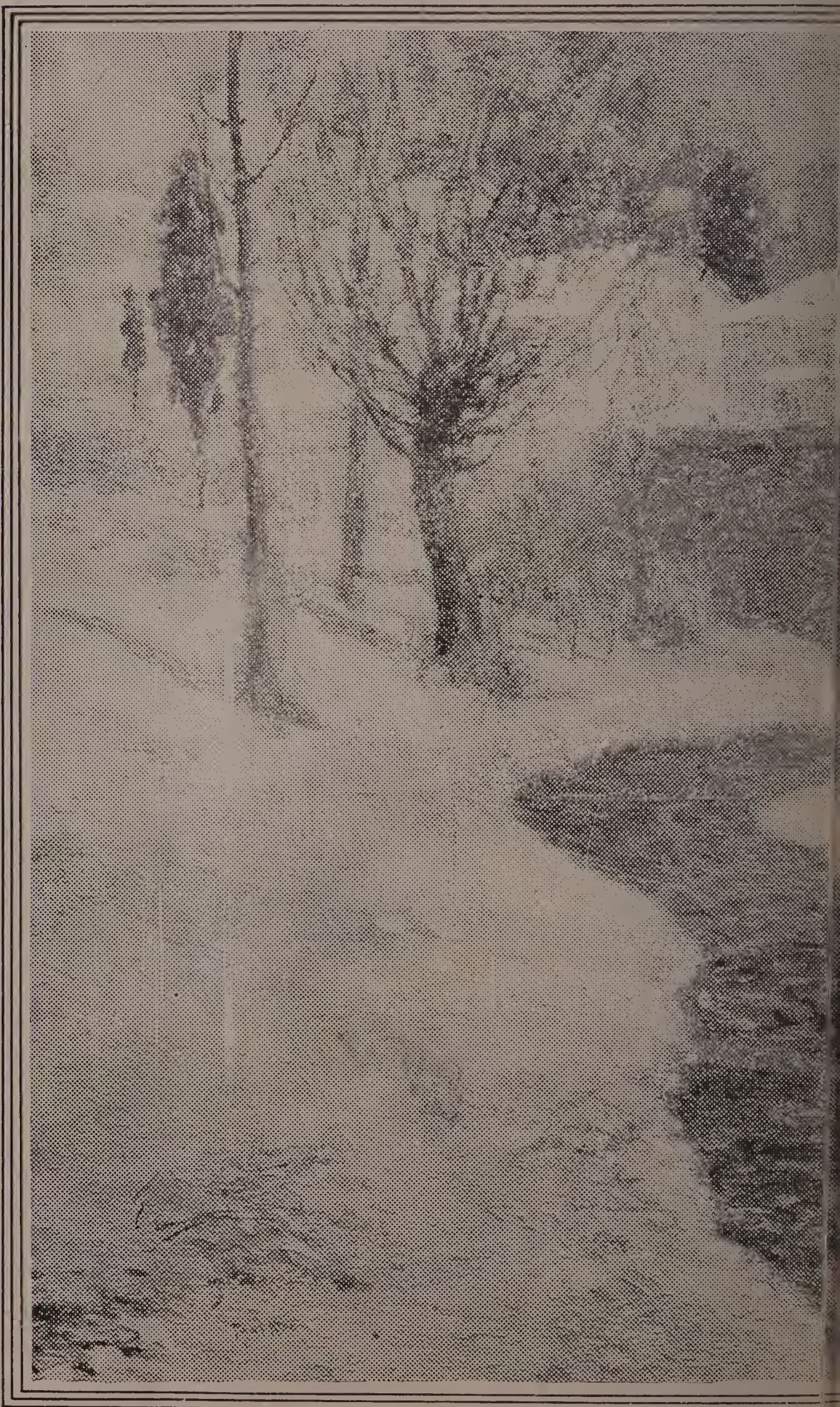
Turner, one of the greatest of English artists started life in the humble position of a barber. One day a customer happened to see, in the shop, a sketch the boy had made of a coat of arms, and he urged the lad's father to let the boy develop his bent for drawing.

The boy had countless difficulties to overcome. His father, a man of limited education, scoffed at the lad's ardent desire to become an artist. Young Turner was imbued with an all-absorbing determination to win and he studied diligently. His modest circumstances made it necessary for him to earn while he learned.

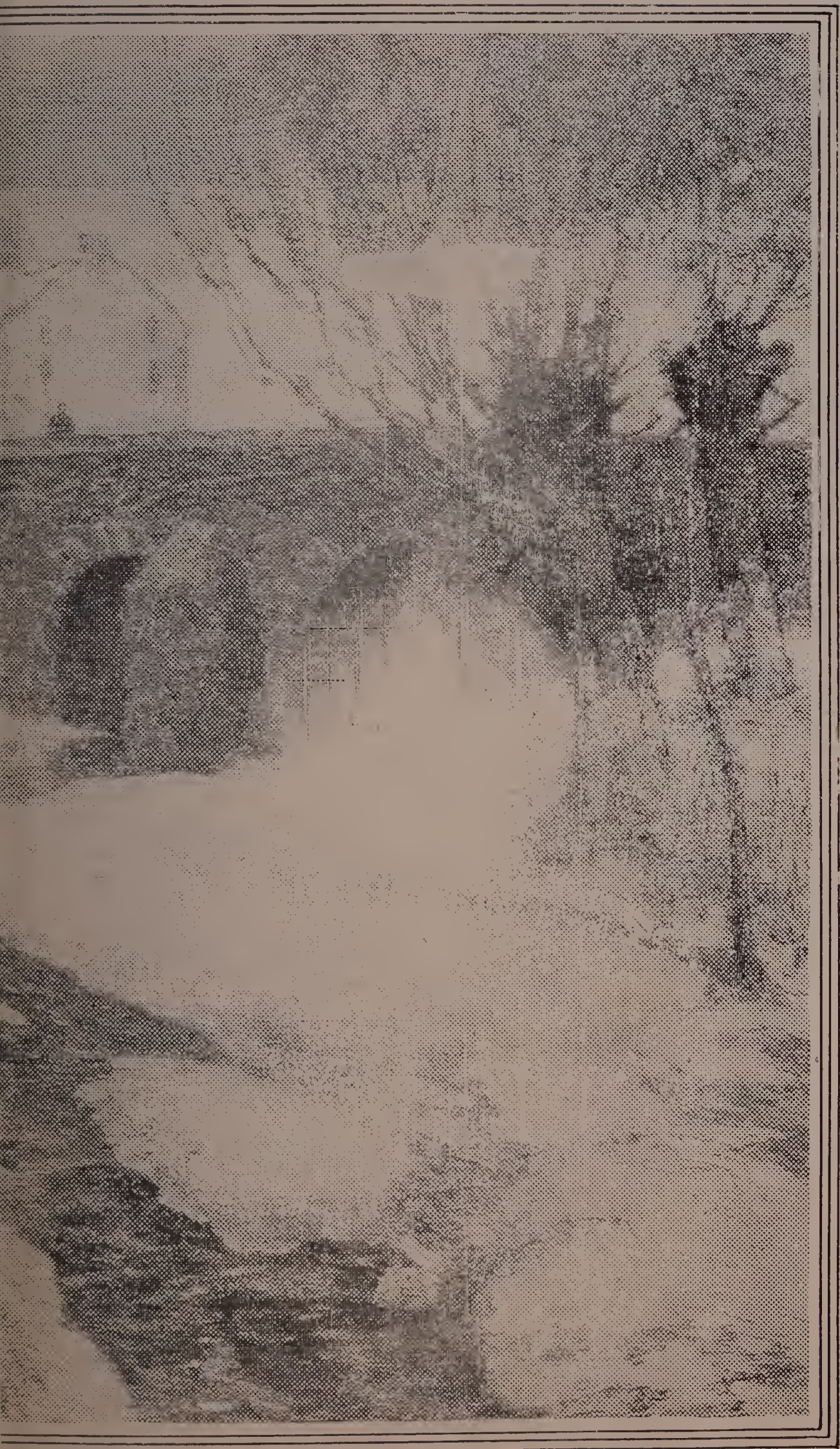
He illustrated guide books, almanacs, and secured all sorts of commercial positions. "It was first-rate practice," he said often afterwards.

His high aspirations and keen desire to produce only the best and also never leave a drawing without having made a step in advance of his previous work, soon brought his work to the attention of men and women high in the art world.











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THE ARTGUM

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### Commonplace Things and Art

As usual, the artist's commonplace friend had managed to swing their talk around to art. Curiously enough, perhaps, it was the artist who seemed hungry for the commonplace things. It was snowing.

"Hullo! there's a horse down!" cried the artist enthusiastically. "Let's go over and watch."

"That's the fourth to-day," grumbled the commonplace friend, pulling him away and veering craftily towards the Public Garden entrance.

"Why are you so loath to talk about art?"

"Because I paint, I suppose. When a man is in love, does he shout the charms of the maid from the housetops, or does he whisper them to the stars, or the trees, or the wind, or something else grand and simple enough to understand? A woman came to me the other day and asked if I would take the part of an artist in a little thing they were giving for charitable purposes. I refused, of course. I told her I had no idea of how to act like an artist. I suggested that she give that part to some business man. I asked her if she hadn't the part of a carpenter, a miner, or a stage-driver for me. I said I could do that with enjoyment. I said I thought we should get on very well that way. She seemed to think me sarcastic and frivolous, whereas I was never more serious in my life. My idea of an artist would be something they could not understand. Not that I don't know the type people usually like to throw in our faces;

in fact, I know it better than they themselves — as every artist knows it."

They stepped out into the snow so that some one might pass, and then for a while nothing was heard but the hallow clump of their feet on the boarded walk.

But the artist's commonplace friend was fearful lest he lose the shadowy fish for which he loved to angle, and which hung so near to bottom.

"Surely no one can accuse you of Bohemianism," he said, temptingly dangling the bait before his very nose.

"Well, that depends. There is Bohemianism and Bohemianism, but only one kind that is true. That kind is as far-sweeping as the skies and as narrow as the path of a wood mouse. Who is the Bohemian, that one Bohemian par excellence, to whom we have all been taught to look up to?"

"Why, Stevenson, of course!"

"Yes, Stevenson, of course. The very name conjures up spices, and trade winds, and languished palms. Now I am going to tell you the name of another and just as true Bohemian—one that lived nearer us. What do you say to Henry David Thoreau?"

"Thoreau! Why, Stevenson himself called him a down-right Yankee. He was shrewd, stubborn, he lived a meagre life, and alone. Surely you can't call him a Bohemian."

"And yet he was. Bohemianism is not unconventionality, late rising, and flaunting Wind-rties. If my taste runs to Wind-



sor ties and I wear them, I may or may not be a Bohemian; if my taste does not and I don't, then I may or may not be a Bohemian; but if I want to wear them and don't wear them, then I am not a Bohemian. I might rise when the sun rises and retire when the sun retires, or I might retire when the sun rises and rise when the sun retires, and still be a Bohemian, for all that that has to do with it. Thoreau knew what he wanted to do, and he did it simply, honestly, and he broke none of Nature's laws. He was as interested in wood-choppers as in kings, and that is Bohemianism—if there is any Bohemianism. And he had simplicity.

"You are always harping on simplicity," said the artist's commonplace friend. Oh! he was a crafty fisherman, this commonplace friend, who really wasn't commonplace at all.

The artist stopped abruptly and pointed.

"Do you see that red on the roof of this building here, and then the gray of that church spire against the sky in the distance? Now which of those two colors is the more simple?"

"The gray."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because it is more quiet than the red."

"Well, that isn't exactly as I should put it, but perhaps just as good, and at least you admit that it is simple. I'll tell you why. This red here I could get with light red right out of the tube. A simple method, I admit, but giving garnishness, not simplicity. That gray on the spire would take all the other colors

mixed up together, exquisitely mixed together, mind you. That's simplicity — elimination — having all things at your command, and working down to, not up to."

It had stopped snowing.

"You haven't said anything about genius and talent," suggested the artist's commonplace friend. He did not mind showing the barb of his hook now; they were nearing the subway, and he was fairly satisfied with his catch.

"Why do you catalogue them together; They are of different species. Genius is a hardy wild flower; it springs up and thrives best in stony places, it is trampled upon, but cannot be stamped out. It grows unheeded until it blossoms—and it blossoms only at will. Talent is a hothouse plant; it must have a gardener, must be nourished and cultivated, or else it may wilt and die. . . . Well, here we are, and there is my car. Now for the common things, as you call them. I know where there's a youngster waiting that took his first step this morning."

### Art Aphorism

It is our moments of lowest vitality that have least aesthetic value, not those which are the least pleasurable. Anguish and despair may find their expression in art; but the stupidity of fatigue, never.

(Edwin Muir in *The Freeman*)

\* \* \*

Frost & Adams Co., would be pleased, from time to time, to exhibit the work of Normal Art School Students in their window and shop at 591 Boylston Street.

“But there is neither East nor  
West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,

When two strong men stand  
face to face, tho' they  
came from the ends of the  
earth.”

Thus quoted our speaker, Dr. Tehi Hsieh, at the special assembly, Thursday morning, March 15th. Dr. Hsieh is the Director of the Bureau for Commerce and Labor of China, here in Boston, and it was indeed a privilege for the school to be able to listen to his descriptions, told in the delightful yet whimsical manner, of present economic conditions in China. We learned that she is even now merging out of her difficulties, and is ready to take a place with the great powers of the world towards civilizing civilization. Opportunity lies at her door, and this great country of the east, is alert, appreciative!

For one who does not profess to be an artist, Dr. Hsieh shows an enviable appreciation of art. Surely no one could have spoken truer words, when he said, in mentioning the names of Van Dyke and Rembrandt, “that it was not the names written on the canvases that we paid for, but rather did we pay the price for the soul behind the brush.”

Later in discussing the wide field for art education in China, Dr. Hsieh gave us a demonstration of his rare sense of humor when he remarked: “that artists tell people what they already know, and make them pay for it!”

And as Dr. Hsieh finished, we realized that even as the two great flags of China and America stood side by side on the platform, the two great countries had a common bond of fellowship between them—a bond which we as the artists of tomorrow must strengthen and improve, that of art appreciation and understanding.

### Lettering

Many commercial artists attempt to reach the top of the ladder and ignore lettering on their way there; it can't be done. The Leyendecker brothers, mural decorators, cover design artists, and commercial illustrators, have not been above doing their own lettering, and they are probably the highest paid of their kind in the business. If the artist knows lettering and can combine it with his art work, well,—his employer gets the benefit of it in more ways than one. The composition can be arranged better,—the masses of drawing and letters in the composition can be better spaced and put in better proportion, and the whole finished cover have the effect and “feel” that one was a part of the other,—that the design and lettering actually belonged to the picture.

“I admit that the exercises of the gymnasium form athletic bodies; but beauty is only developed by the free and equal play of the limbs. In the same way the tension of the isolated spiritual forces may make extraordinary men; but it is only the well-tempered equilibrium of these forces that can produce happy and accomplished men.”

—Schiller.



### World's Largest Art Gallery is Opened

On March 21st, the Grand Central Gallery, occupying a floor of the Grand Central Railway Terminal, said to be the largest art gallery in the world, was opened with a reception given by the Painters' and Sculptors' Association, a non-profit organization of one hundred men and women formed with the intention of promoting the sale of American art.

Works of nearly one hundred American painters and sculptors were on view at the opening. Among those represented were John Sargent, John Sloan, Joseph Pennell, Daniel Chester French, Malvina Hoffman, Lorado Taft, Frederick MacMonnies, Janet Scudder, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mahonri Young, and Edwin H. Blashfield.

### School Teachers

The following was clipped from a Boston newspaper:—

School teachers even in city schools have never heard that stars are huge suns. One in five, perhaps, has ever heard that the Milky Way is composed of literally billions of colossal suns. One in twenty-five at a very reasonable estimate knows the ground base of modern science, the velocity of radiant energy. And one in five hundred the base of the entire universe—electrons.

Of course, those who are taking the Teacher-Training course here, know all about such things.

### Rockefeller's Tapestries

Art lovers of this country should feel grateful to Mr. Rockefeller for making possible American possession of the "Unicorn" masterpieces.

These marvellous French tapestries bought by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were woven in 1450 for the Duc del la Rochefoucauld. They depict various scenes of "The Hunt for the Unicorn."

\* \* \*

Antique tapestries are among the most valuable things in the world. The famous Bayeux tapestry—not true tapestry, but embroidery—illustrating the conquest of England by William of Normandy, would easily bring \$10,000,000, if offered for sale. And it is a fact not largely known that many of the most eminent masters of painting, from Raphael down, did some of their finest work on cartoons to furnish copies for the tapestry-weavers.

"We know that the sensibility of the mind depends, as to degree, on the liveliness, and for extent on the richness, of the imagination. Now the predominance of the faculty of analysis must necessarily deprive the imagination of its warmth and energy, and a restricted sphere of objects must diminish its wealth. It is for this reason that the abstract thinker has very often a cold heart, because he analyses impressions, which only move the mind by their combination or totality; on the other hand, the man of business, the statesman, has very often a narrow heart, because shut up in the narrow circle of his employment his imagination can neither expand nor adapt itself to another manner of viewing things."

—Schiller.



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Lunch 11.30 to 3

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At the Sign of the Lions  
Up One Flight

On Friday and Saturday evenings, April 27 and 28, the Glee Club and Orchestra, will present "The China Shop," a Chinese operetta. Dancing will follow. Subscription, seventy-five cents.

"You do ill if you praise, but worse if you censure, what you do not rightly understand."

—Leonardo da Vinci,

"It is not going far enough to say that the light of the understanding only deserves respect when it reacts on the character; to a certain extent it is from the character that this light proceeds; for the road that terminates in the head must pass through the heart. Accordingly, the most pressing need of the present time is to educate the sensibility, because it is the means, not only to render efficacious in practice the improvement of ideas, but to call this improvement into existence."

—Schiller,

"The highest problem of any art is to produce by appearance the illusion of a higher reality. But it is a false endeavour to realize the appearance until at last only something commonly real remains."

—Goethe,

"To use many words to communicate few thoughts is everywhere the unmistakable sign of mediocrity. To gather much thought into few words stamps the man of genius."

—Schopenhauer,

"The truest artist has no pride; unhappily he realizes that art has no limitations, he feels darkly how far he is from the goal, and while perhaps he is admired by others, he grieves that he has not yet reached the point where the better genius shall shine before him like a distant sun."

—Beethoven,

"When a beautiful soul harmonizes with a beautiful form, and the two are cast in one mold, that will be the fairest sights to him who has an eye to see it."

—Plato,

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Varnishes

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